

**MORE
PAGES**

SUPER ISSUE

**MORE
THRILLS**

MARVEL®

SHANG-CHI
MASTER OF
KUNG FU

No. 1

SUPER
ISSUE

NO MAN CAN STAND AGAINST...

SHANG-CHI MASTER OF KUNG FU



48

**ALL-NEW PAGES
IN GLORIOUS**

BLACK & WHITE!

FEATURING A SUPER-SIZED
COLLECTION OF STEEL-SMASHING
MARTIAL ARTS ACTION STRIPS!

From the day he was born the man known as Shang-Chi was raised by his father to be the world's greatest assassin. He studied the ways of the martial arts and of kung fu, honing his mind, body and spirit to a razor's edge. Then the day came when Shang-Chi was sent by his father to take the life of an innocent man. On that day Shang-Chi turned his back on his father's evil ways and became much more than a living weapon. He became...

SHANG-CHI

MASTER OF

KUNG FU



THE ANNUAL RACE TO BENEFIT VARIOUS AND SUNDRY EVIL ORGANIZATIONS AND ALSO THE HOMELESS. NOW WITH BEER AND HOT DOGS....PG.1
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ONCE UPON A TIME IN WAN CHAI.....PG. 23

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THE VACCUUM OF MEMORY.....PG. 34

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THE TAO OF THE WARRIOR: FROM NOVICE TO LO FU ZAI.....PG. 45

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**VC's JOE CARAMAGNA/
with CLAYTON COWLES
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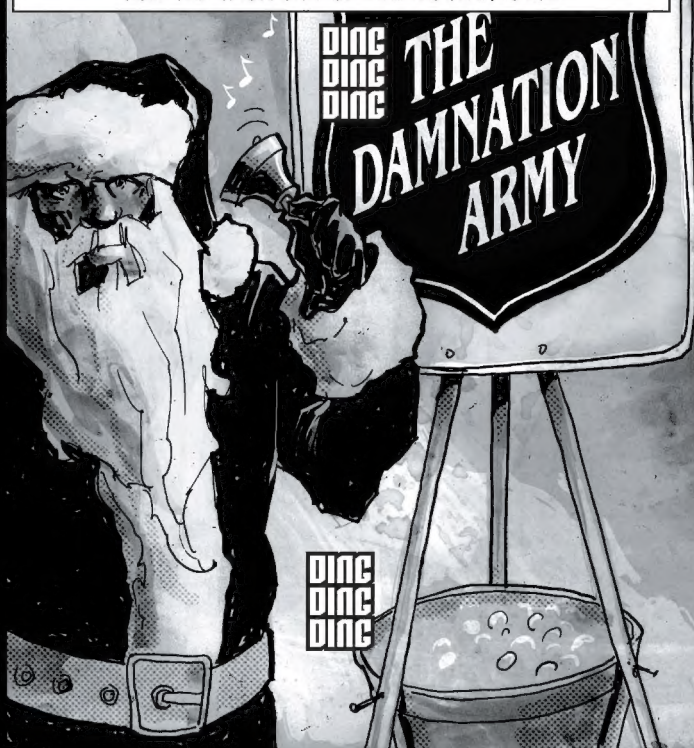
ALAN FINE
EXEC. PRODUCER

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WHAT FOLLOWS
IS THE STORY OF
THE LAST EVER
SUMMER SOLSTICE
BURNOUT.

A BIKE RACE ACROSS
THE DESERT WHERE THE
CHIHUAHUAN SAND
MEETS THE SHADOWS
OF THE SIERRA MADRE.

ORGANIZED AND RUN BY THE BLACK SANTAS OF THE DAMNATION
ARMY TO BENEFIT THE HOMELESS--ALL UNCONSUMED LIQUOR,
UNUSED DRUGS AND NON-EXPENSE RELATED FUNDS ARE
SPLIT EQUALLY BETWEEN THE BUMS OF WICHITA, KANSAS
AND THE VAGRANTS OF DES MOINES, IOWA.



HELP
EASE A
SINGLE MOTHER'S
PAIN. FREE DRINKS
FOR THE
LADIES.

HERE YOU
GO.

THANK
YOU, SIR.

MALT
LIQUOR. MALT
LIQUOR...THINK
OF THE
CHILDREN.



THEY COME FROM
ALL OVER: SOME OF
THE EVILEST MEN IN THE
HEMISPHERE HOPING
TO LIFT THE CUP AND
CLAIM THE PRIZE.

INSTEAD, FOR THE
LAST 3 YEARS, THEY
HAVE BEEN TAUGHT
HUMILITY AND TASTED
ONLY DEFEAT--FOR
I HAVE WON IT.



I'VE BEEN MEANING TO
ASK, WHY DO YOU COMPETE
IN THIS THING? WOULDN'T
IT BE EASIER TO BEAT THEM
UP OR CALL THE COPS
OR SOMETHING?

I LIKE
TO RACE.

JUST BECAUSE I'VE SPENT
MY LIFE BECOMING PROFICIENT
AT CERTAIN DISCIPLINES
DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T LIKE
TO ENJOY OCCASIONAL
RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES.

A GREAT TEACHER
ONCE SAID, "TO ENJOY
LIFE, ONE MUST
ACTUALLY LIVE."



A GREAT TEACHER.
HUH. WHAT'S HE
A TEACHER OF?

OH, DON'T
MAKE ME
SAY IT.

HELLO, MOST
DISHONORABLE
OPPONENTS.

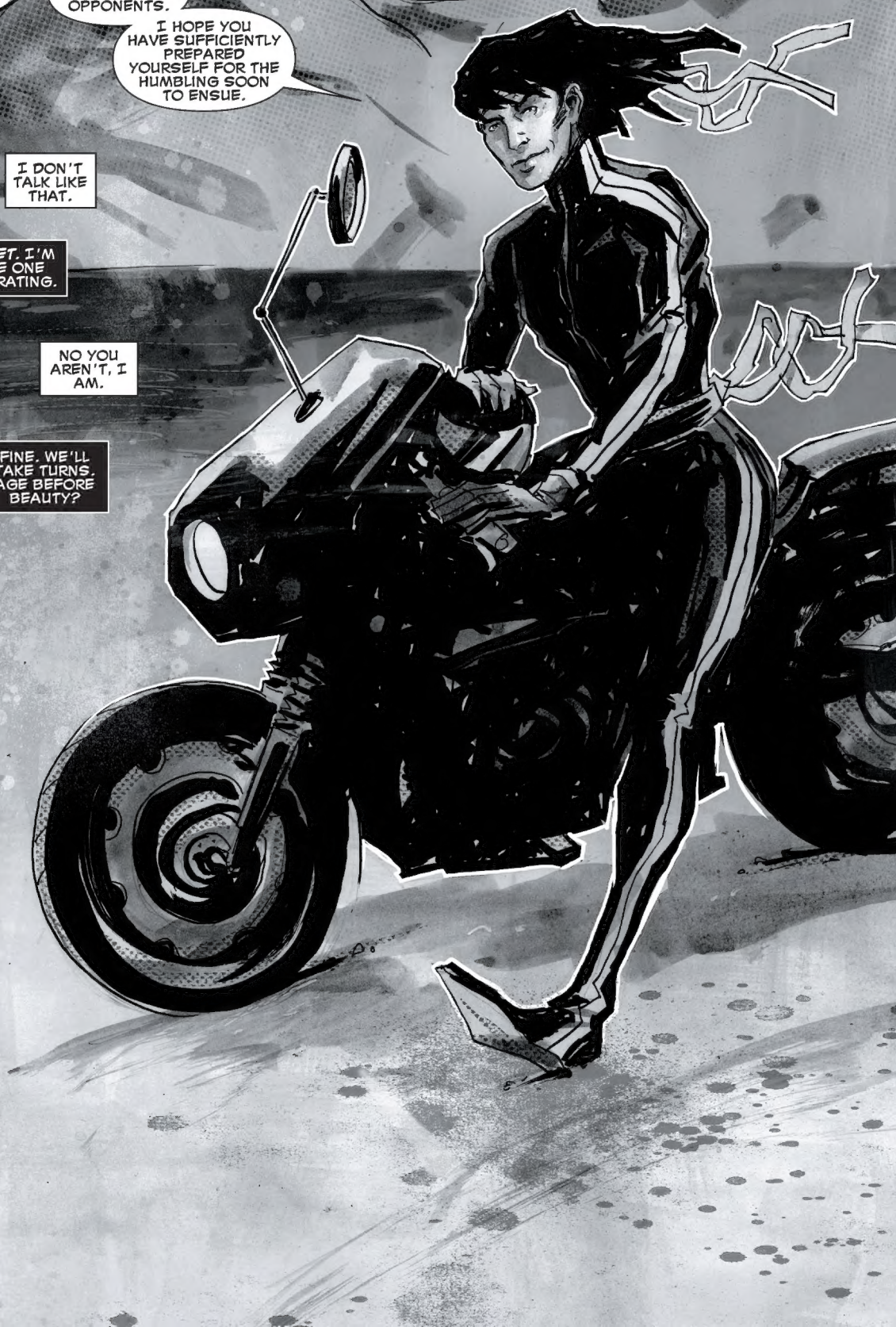
I HOPE YOU
HAVE SUFFICIENTLY
PREPARED
YOURSELF FOR THE
HUMBLING SOON
TO ENSUE.

I DON'T
TALK LIKE
THAT.

QUIET. I'M
THE ONE
NARRATING.

NO YOU
AREN'T, I
AM.

FINE. WE'LL
TAKE TURNS.
AGE BEFORE
BEAUTY?



DEFEAT HAD MADE
THESE EVIL MEN
BITTER AND WITH
TIME THAT BITTERNESS
TURNED TO MALICE.

THEY ALL WANTED
REVENGE...THE BLACK
SANTAS, THE HITLER
TWINS FROM
PITTSBURGH...



THE CROSS-DRESSING, CAT-
THEMED PROFESSIONAL
WRESTLERS FROM THE
WOMEN'S EXTREME
WRESTLING LEAGUE: MISS
SCRATCHY, SPOT AND
DOCTOR HEMORRHOID...



THE NEEDY WOMEN
OF RENO: ARIA,
ARIANNA, ALANNA,
AND ARIA...



THE THINKING
MEN OF PALO
ALTO: CAPTAIN
ENVIRONMENT,
CORPORATION MAN,
THE INTERFACE AND
CAPPUCCINO...



AND THE
LUCHADORES...

THEY WANTED REVENGE--ALL
OF THEM--SO BADLY THAT
THEY MADE THE MISTAKE OF
POOLING THEIR MONEY TOGETHER
AND HIRING AN OUTSIDER TO
MAKE SURE I WOULD NEVER
AGAIN WIN THEIR RACE.



SHANG-CHI: MASTER OF KUNG-FU & DEADPOOL IN The Annual Race to Benefit Various and Sundry Evil Organizations and Also The Homeless

NOW WITH BEER
AND HOT DOGS

SOMETIMES
YOU DO NOT
GET WHAT YOU
PAY FOR.

SAY
IT WITH
ME:

CROTCH
ROCKET.

SOUND
ACCURATE?

IT ROLLS
OFF THE
TONGUE.

CROTCH.
CROTCH.
CROTCH.



AND THEN
IT WAS TIME
TO RACE.

A SMALL ARMY OF
COMPETITORS EDGED
THE STARTING LINE. THE
SUN WAS BEATING ON
OUR BACKS AND THE
SMELL OF GAS AND
OIL FILLED THE AIR.

THEN THE
FLAGGER
DROPPED HER
HANDKERCHIEF
AND THE
RACE WAS...

WAIT. WAIT.
WAIT...

YOU
FORGOT...

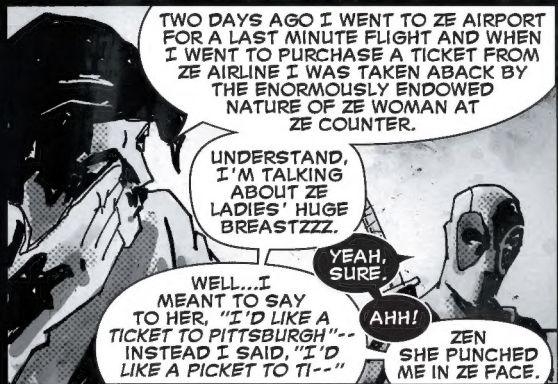
THIS
HAPPENED
FIRST.



HEY! BOTH
OF YOU GUYS
HAVE BLACK EYES,
HOW DOES SOMETHING
LIKE THAT
HAPPEN?



MINE
WAS A SLIP
OF ZE
TONGUE.



TWO DAYS AGO I WENT TO ZE AIRPORT
FOR A LAST MINUTE FLIGHT AND WHEN
I WENT TO PURCHASE A TICKET FROM
ZE AIRLINE I WAS TAKEN ABACK BY
THE ENORMOUSLY ENDOWED
NATURE OF ZE WOMAN AT
ZE COUNTER.

UNDERSTAND,
I'M TALKING
ABOUT ZE
LADIES' HUGE
BREASTZZ.

YEAH,
SURE.

WELL...I
MEANT TO SAY
TO HER, "I'D LIKE A
TICKET TO PITTSBURGH"--
INSTEAD I SAID, "I'D
LIKE A PICKET TO TI--"

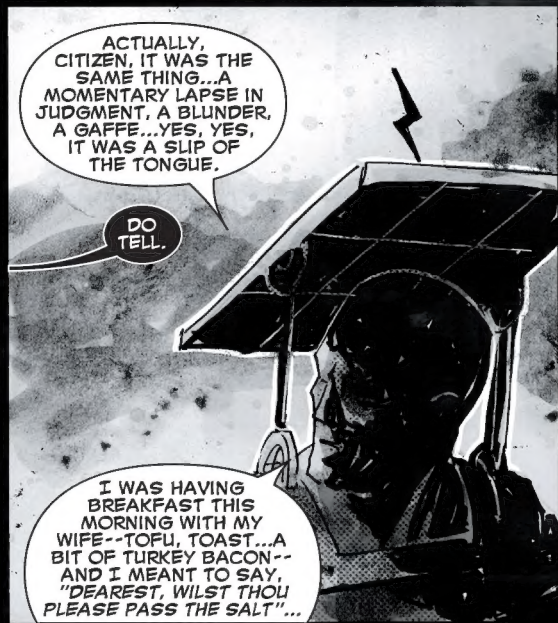
AHH!
ZEN
SHE PUNCHED
ME IN ZE FACE.



UNDERSTANDABLE.

WHAT
ABOUT
YOU?

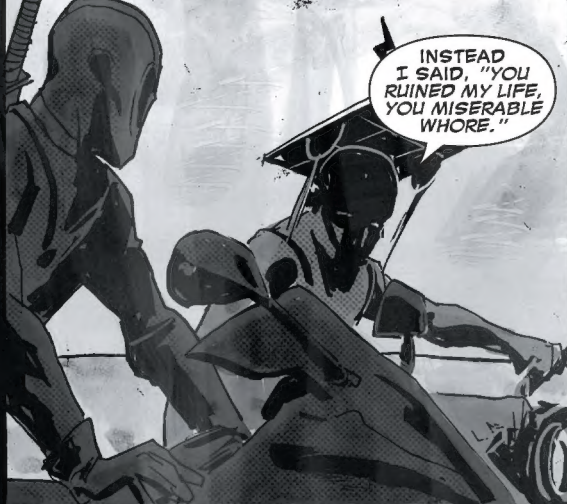
HRMMPH!



ACTUALLY,
CITIZEN, IT WAS THE
SAME THING...A
MOMENTARY LAPSE IN
JUDGMENT, A BLUNDER,
A GAFFE...YES, YES,
IT WAS A SLIP OF
THE TONGUE.

DO
TELL.

I WAS HAVING
BREAKFAST THIS
MORNING WITH MY
WIFE--TOFU, TOAST...A
BIT OF TURKEY BACON--
AND I MEANT TO SAY,
"DEAREST, WILST THOU
PLEASE PASS THE SALT"...



AND WE
WERE OFF!

HEY! HEY!
WHERE ARE
THEY GOING?

THEY'RE GOING
SO FAST, WHAT IF
THEY GET CONFUSED
AND LOST?

IF ONLY THERE WERE
SOME KIND OF DOCUMENT
THAT SHOWED WHERE A
RACE BEGAN, THE COURSE
THAT IT FOLLOWED AND
WHERE IT ENDED...

OH, WELL, FAREWELL BRAVE RACERS--
GODSPEED--PERHAPS LUCK WILL HAVE
OUR PATHS CROSSING AGAIN
SOME DISTANT DAY IN THE FUTURE...

SO YOU
WANT ME TO
SHOW THEM
THE MAP?



YEEESSSS!
A MAP...
BRILLIANT!

FINISH LINE

THE DAREDEVIL DEATH COURSE
OF MISTER KEN EVIL, ESQUIRE

STARTING LINE

SODOM'S DINER

THE TOPHETTI
TUNNEL OF TERROR

THE LOST CITY
OF NANAUATZIN

NOW IS AS
GOOD A TIME AS ANY
TO GO OVER THE
RULES OF THE RACE:



ONLY BLUNT
OBJECTS AND
EDGE WEAPONS
MAY BE USED
DURING THE
COURSE OF
THE EVENT.



GUNS, GRENADES,
ROCKET LAUNCHERS
AND ANY OTHER
PROJECTILES ARE
PROHIBITED.



EXCEPT FOR DESIGNATED
REST AREAS AND RACE
CHALLENGES, IF ANY RIDER GETS
OFF OF--OR IS REMOVED
FROM--THEIR BIKE, THEY ARE
IMMEDIATELY DISQUALIFIED.



AND FINALLY...ONCE A RIDER IS OUT OF THE RACE, THAT PERSON IS NO LONGER "IN PLAY" AND IS NO LONGER FAIR GAME.

THEY SHOULD NOT BE ENGAGED IN ANY WAY.

PRETTY STRAIGHT-FORWARD.

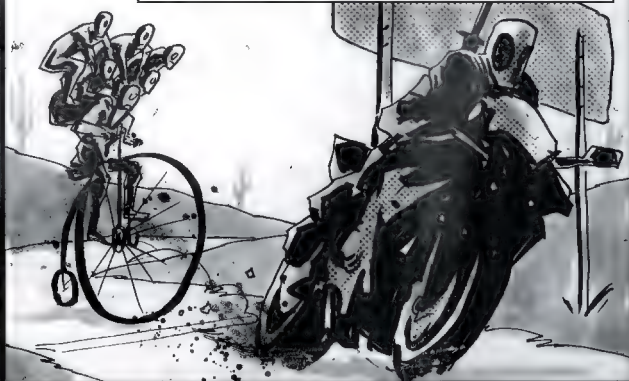


RACE CASUALTIES WERE EARLY AND OFTEN THAT YEAR.

SURPRISINGLY, THE HITLER TWINS WENT OUT FIRST.



LESS STUNNING WAS THE PREDICTABLE, AND ANNUAL, ELIMINATION OF THE LUCHADORES..



EVERY YEAR THEY STARTED OUT WITH THE INTENTION OF WINNING THE RACE, BUT WHEN IT CAME TIME TO CROSS THE BORDER, THEY COULDN'T STAND TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY THEY HAD GROWN TO LOVE.

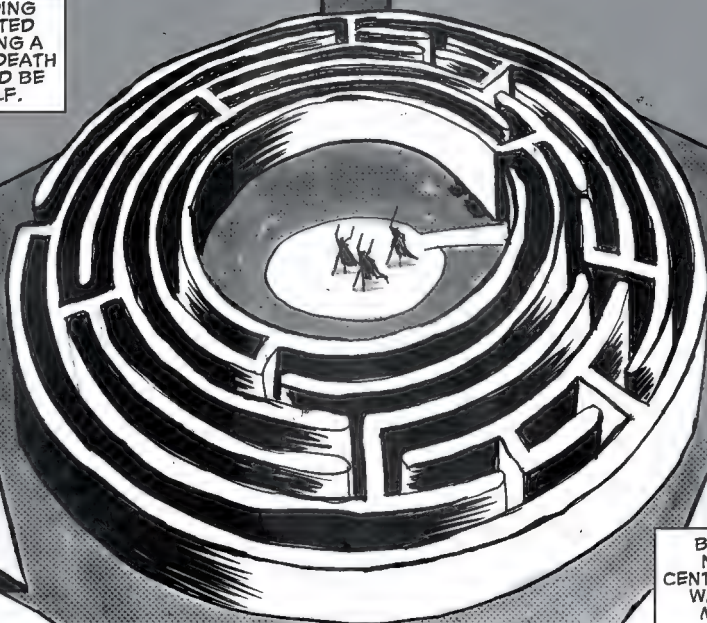


OH, AND THEY WERE ALSO WANTED ON DRUG TRAFFICKING, EXTORTION, AND KIDNAPPING CHARGES.

AFTER CROSSING THE BORDER INTO MEXICO, OUR FIRST CHALLENGE WAS SUCCESSFULLY NAVIGATING THE LOST CITY OF NANAUATZIN.



NORMALLY THE FINDING
OF A HIDDEN, HAUNTED
CITY AND OVERCOMING A
GIANT LABYRINTH OF DEATH
AT ITS CENTER WOULD BE
A FEAT UNTO ITSELF.



BUT AT THE HEART OF
NANAUATZIN, AT THE
CENTER OF THIS DARK PLACE,
WAS SOMETHING EVEN
MORE DANGEROUS...

THE MINOTAUR
MATADORS OF
THE MAZE!

ONCE UPON A TIME--BEFORE
NANAUATZIN BECAME LOST--
THEY WERE VEGETARIANS,
BUT WHEN THE CITY GREW
MAD IN ISOLATION THEIR
APPETITES CHANGED
INTO WANTING SOMETHING
FATTY AND TENDER.



THOSE
BULL-BASTARDS
WANTED TO
EAT US!



SO THE GOAL WAS
TO FIND THE CITY,
NAVIGATE THE
MAZE AND AVOID
BECOMING A SNACK.



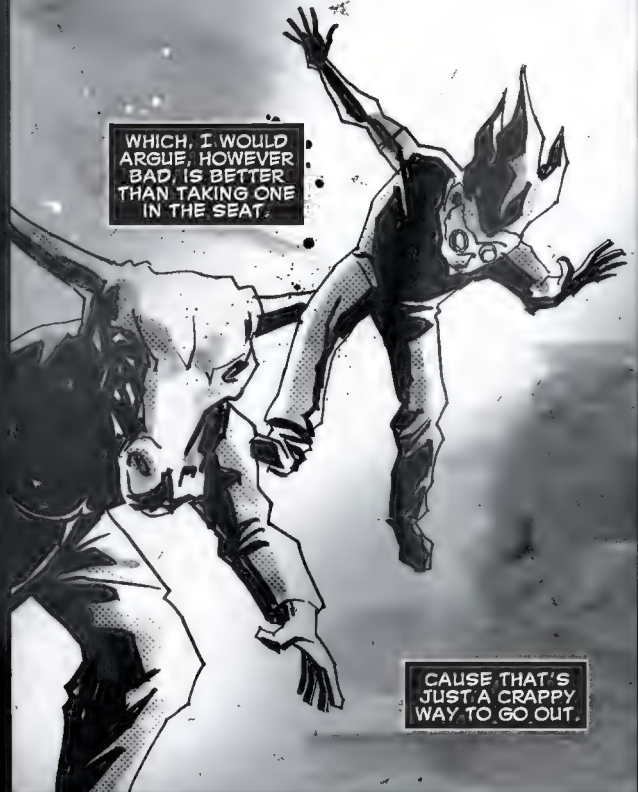


OKAY, I WANT TO INTERRUPT HERE TO SAY THAT THIS IS AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF A PERFECTLY PERFORMED SLEEPER HOLD.

NOTICE HOW EVEN THIS GUY KNOWS TO COMPRESS BOTH CAROTID ARTERIES WITHOUT CRUSHING THE AIRWAY.

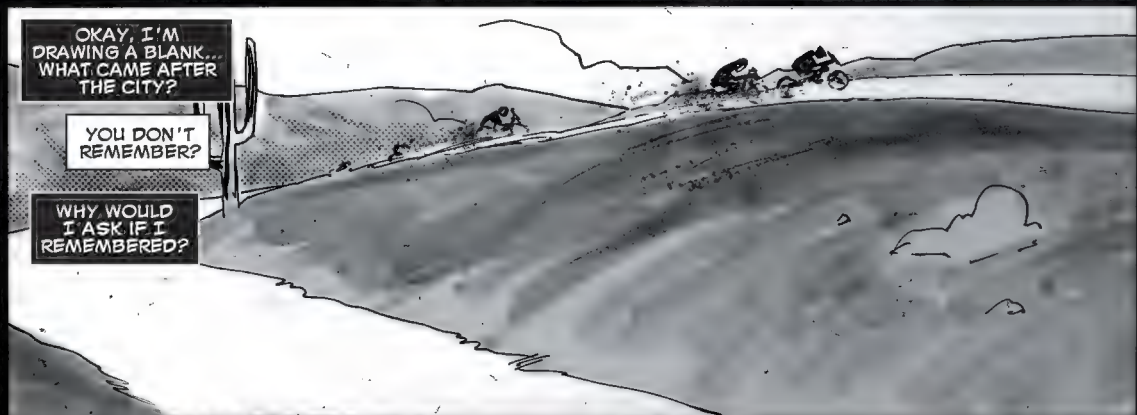
THAT'S HOW YOU DO IT.

WHICH IS BAD FOR THIS GUY/GIRL/WHATEVER... CAUSE, YOU KNOW, THEY'RE GONNA GET EATEN.



WHICH, I WOULD ARGUE, HOWEVER BAD, IS BETTER THAN TAKING ONE IN THE SEAT.

CAUSE THAT'S JUST A CRAPPY WAY TO GO OUT.



OKAY, I'M DRAWING A BLANK... WHAT CAME AFTER THE CITY?

YOU DON'T REMEMBER?

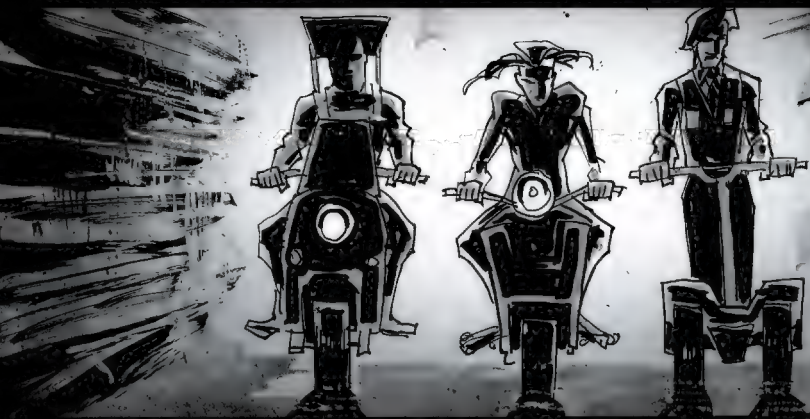
WHY WOULD I ASK IF I REMEMBERED?



GOOD POINT...BUT HOW CAN YOU NOT REMEMBER TOPHETTI'S TUNNEL OF TERROR?

BECAUSE IT'S GOT A STUPID, AND FORGETTABLE, NAME?

NO, BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED THERE...



FOR YEARS THE TUNNEL WAS USED BY THE CORTEZ CARTEL TO SMUGGLE DRUGS AND SEX SLAVES INTO THE UNITED STATES AND TO FUNNEL MONEY AND FIREARMS BACK INTO MEXICO.

ON ONE PARTICULAR SCORCHING DAY IN JUNE, THE CABALLEROS-- A RIVAL CARTEL-- ATTEMPTED A TAKEOVER OF THE CORTEZ BUSINESS.



THEY MURDERED ESTIBAN CORTEZ--THE KINGPIN OF THE FAMILY--AND CHASED HIS SON, JAVI, TO THIS TUNNEL AS HE TRIED TO ESCAPE THE CABALLEROS.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR JAVI, THERE WERE TWO THINGS HE DID NOT KNOW AT THIS POINT:

1. THAT THE MOMENT HE CHOSE TO FLEE WAS AT THE EXACT SAME TIME THAT 100 WHORES FROM HERMOSILLO AND A SMALL ARMY OF CORTEZ LOYALISTS CARRYING 500 POUNDS OF COCAINE WERE MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

AND 2. THE TUNNEL HAD COLLAPSED 1 MILE FROM THE EXIT IN THE U.S.

THE CABALLEROS SEALED THE ENTRANCE IN MEXICO, IN ESSENCE BURYING EVERYONE ALIVE.

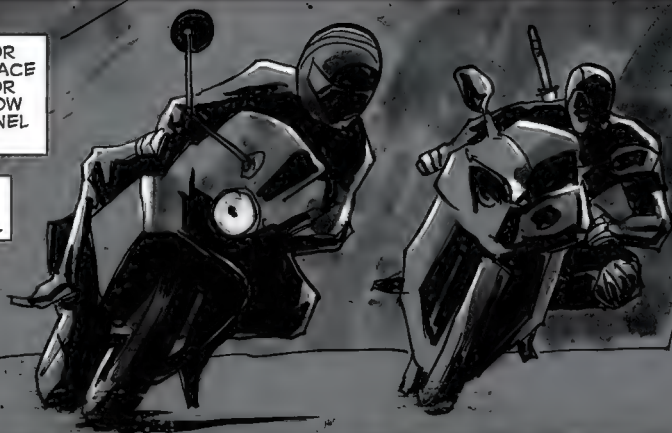
THE FIRST DAY SAW THE CONTINUAL RAPE OF THE WOMEN AND THE LAST OF THEIR WATER BEING CONSUMED.

AFTER THE SECOND DAY, SOME DRUG-ADDLED SOUL CAME UP WITH THE IDEA THAT MAYBE THEY COULD DRINK THE BLOOD OF THE WEAKEST OF THEM TO SURVIVE.

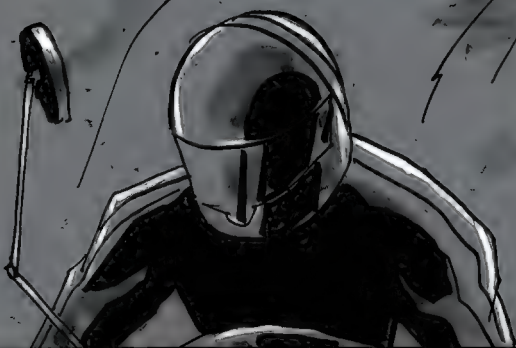
BY THE THIRD DAY THE TUNNEL HAD DESCENDED INTO THE TYPE OF MURDEROUS HELL THAT NO MAN COULD ESCAPE WITH HIS SANITY INTACT.

IN FACT, NO MAN OR
WHORE LEFT THAT PLACE
WITH THEIR LIVES OR
THEIR SOUL. AND NOW
IT'S BECOME A TUNNEL
OF THE DAMNED.

NO ONE
ESCAPES
UNAFFECTED.



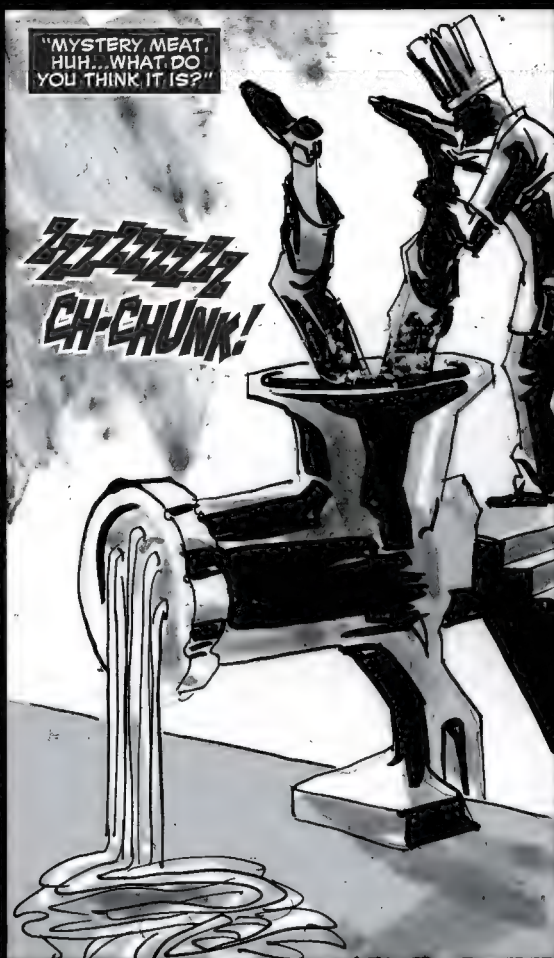
HEY, YOU
HUNGRY?



YEAH.
I'LL CALL
AHEAD FOR
CURBSIDE.







"MYSTERY MEAT.
HUH... WHAT DO
YOU THINK IT IS?"

ZZZZZZ
CH-CHUNK!



I DUNNO...MAYBE
LAMB.

WHO CARES,
RIGHT? ANYTHING
THIS TASTY, ALL I
WANT TO KNOW
IS CAN I HAVE
SECONDS.

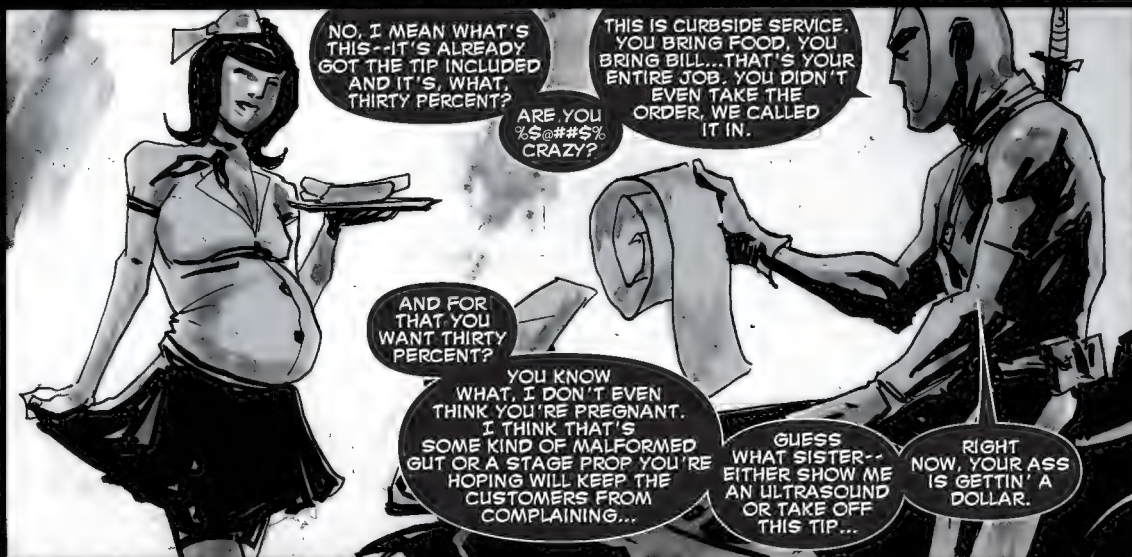


HERE'S
YOUR
BILL.



HEY...
WHAT'S
THIS?

IT'S
YOUR
BILL.



NO, I MEAN WHAT'S
THIS--IT'S ALREADY
GOT THE TIP INCLUDED
AND IT'S, WHAT,
THIRTY PERCENT?

ARE YOU
%\$@##\$%
CRAZY?

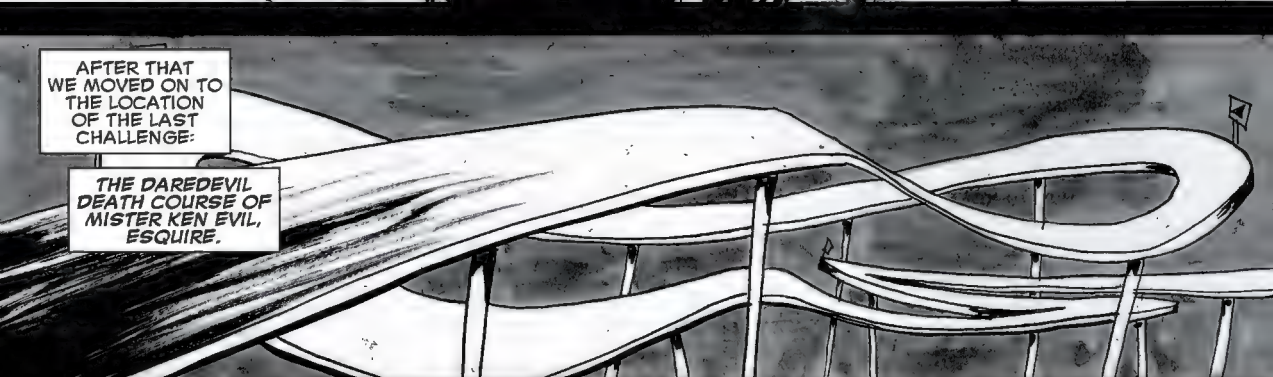
THIS IS CURBSIDE SERVICE.
YOU BRING FOOD, YOU
BRING BILL...THAT'S YOUR
ENTIRE JOB. YOU DIDN'T
EVEN TAKE THE
ORDER, WE CALLED
IT IN.

AND FOR
THAT YOU
WANT THIRTY
PERCENT?

YOU KNOW
WHAT, I DON'T EVEN
THINK YOU'RE PREGNANT.
I THINK THAT'S
SOME KIND OF MALFORMED
GUT OR A STAGE PROP YOU'RE
HOPING WILL KEEP THE
CUSTOMERS FROM
COMPLAINING...

GUESS
WHAT SISTER--
EITHER SHOW ME
AN ULTRASOUND
OR TAKE OFF
THIS TIP...

RIGHT
NOW, YOUR ASS
IS GETTIN' A
DOLLAR.



THE BLACK SANTAS AND THE NEEDY WOMEN OF RENO ARRIVED AT THE DEATH COURSE BEFORE US ON ACCOUNT OF HAVING ONLY A SINGLE HOT DOG AT THE DINER BEFORE MOVING ON...

HOW DOES SOMEONE DO THAT? HOW DO YOU EAT JUST ONE?

I HAVE NO IDEA--IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, AND YET, HERE THEY ARE.

DEATH COURSE

THE BLACK SANTAS MADE IT THROUGH THE COURSE UNSCATHED.

BUT THE CHALLENGE AT MISTER EVIL'S IS THE ONLY ONE THAT TAKES PLACE IN THE UNITED STATES--THEREFORE PRESENTING THE OPTIMAL AVENUE FOR MEDIA AND PUBLIC RELATIONS PHOTOS.

THE NEEDY WOMEN DE-BIKED POSTHASTE.

ARIA!
ARIA!

HEY!
EYES' UP
HERE!

RIGHT. SORRY.
SO TELL US, WHAT
IS THAT YOU'RE
WEARING?

NOTHIN'
MUTHA \$%~
ERS!

AND WHAT
ABOUT YOU
TWO, HOW LONG
HAVE YOU BEEN
TOGETHER?

OH, WE'RE
JUST FRIENDS.
I'M ACTUALLY
NOT ALL THAT
INTO GIRLS.

AND WHAT
IS THAT ANYWAY--
IT'S JUST LABELS.
I'M YOUNG AND
EXPERIMENTAL...

THE THING
TO REMEMBER
IS THAT WE'RE
ALL DIFFERENT
AND...

SO
DIFFERENT.

YEAH. LIKE
I HAVE A MY NOSE
PIERCED AND SHE
HAS HER TONGUE
PIERCED.

AND THE
CANADIANS.

FOR THE
TIBETIANS.

AND WHAT
ABOUT YOU,
ARIA?

OUTRAGEOUS
BEHAVIOR!

OUTRAGEOUS
BEHAVIOR!

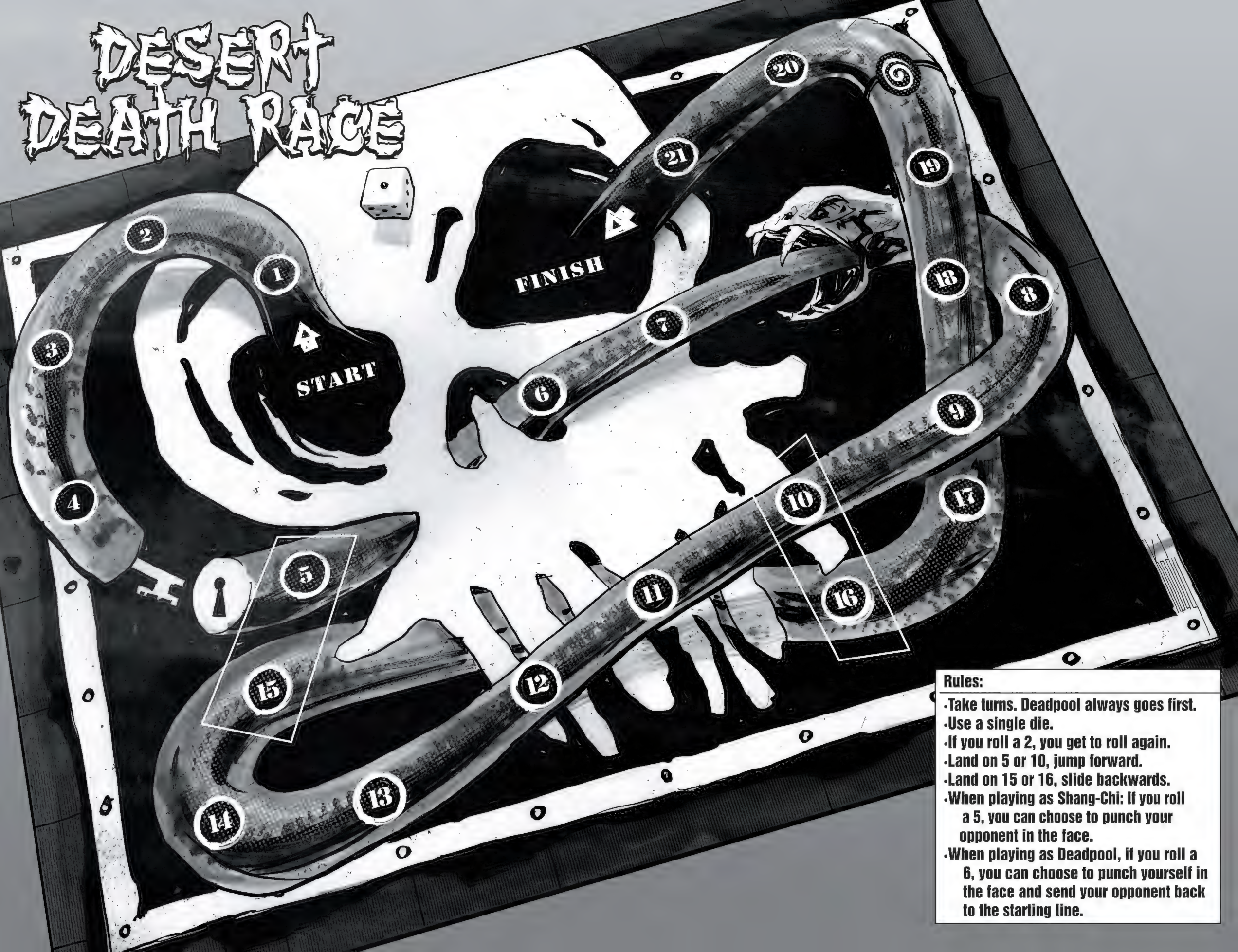
THIS LEFT ONLY THE TWO OF US AND THE BLACK SANTAS COMPETING FOR THE TROPHY. THEN IT WAS TIME FOR THE INEVITABLE.

HEY, I'VE HAD A LOT OF FUN TODAY, BUT THESE PEOPLE PAID ME A LOT OF MONEY TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T WIN.

I HAVE TO KICK YOUR ASS NOW.

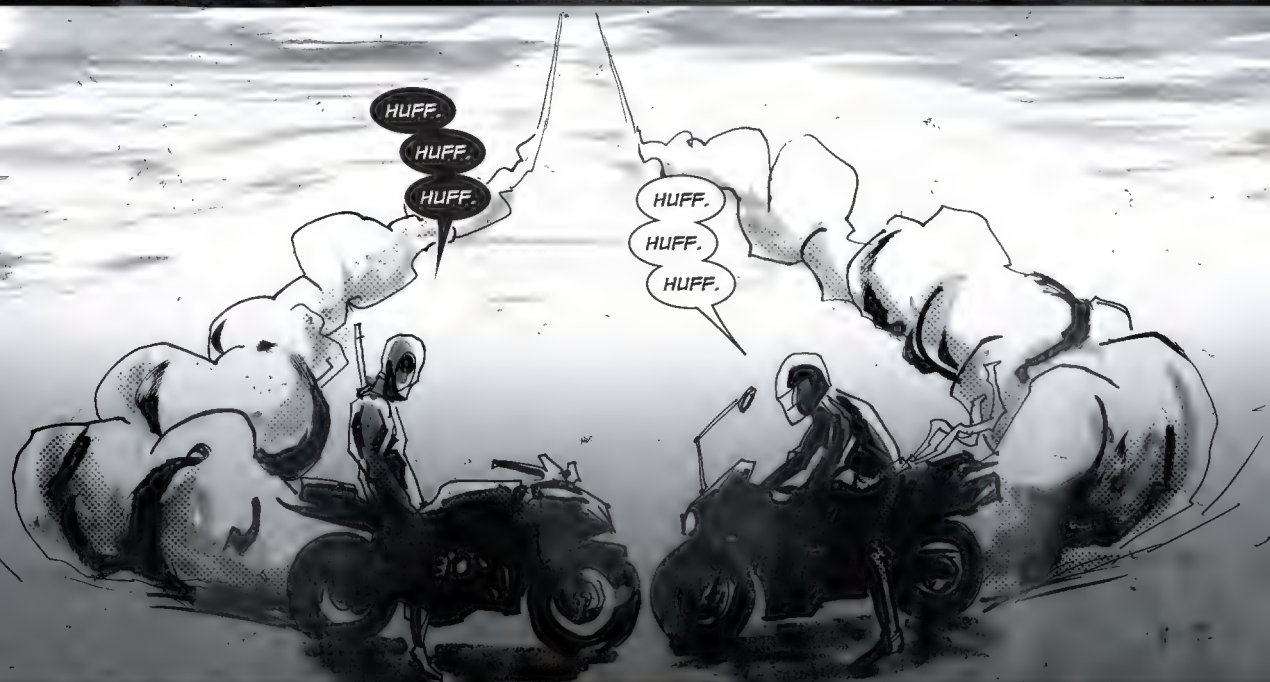
TO THE DEATH THEN.

DESERT DEATH RACE



Rules:

- Take turns. Deadpool always goes first.
- Use a single die.
- If you roll a 2, you get to roll again.
- Land on 5 or 10, jump forward.
- Land on 15 or 16, slide backwards.
- When playing as Shang-Chi: If you roll a 5, you can choose to punch your opponent in the face.
- When playing as Deadpool, if you roll a 6, you can choose to punch yourself in the face and send your opponent back to the starting line.



SO A SHORT WHILE
LATER WE FOUND OURSELVES
BACK AT THE DINER--EATING
THE BEST DOGS ON THE
PLANET--AND TRYING TO
GUESS EXACTLY WHAT THAT
MYSTERY MEAT WAS.

I REMEMBER
THERE WAS ONE
THING THAT DID KIND
OF BOTHER ME.

BABY
KITTENS
MAYBE?

NAH--
A LITTLE
TOO GAMEY
FOR CAT.

I GOTTA
TELL YOU, THE
BLACK SANTAS
WINNING THE RACE
DOES CHAFE
A BIT.

BUT YOU DIDN'T
HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT THAT...

IN FACT YOU
DON'T EVEN
HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT THE RACE
ANYMORE.

WHAT
DID YOU
DO?

WELL, I FIGURED
THERE WAS THE
POSSIBILITY THAT YOU
COULD FINISH THE
RACE FIRST EVEN
IF I TRIED TO STOP
YOU, SO I WIRED
THE TROPHY TO BLOW
WHEN THE WINNER
LIFTED IT UP IN THE AIR.

I STILL CAN'T
BELIEVE YOU WERE
GOING TO BLOW
ME UP.

WELL THAT WAS BEFORE I
GOT TO KNOW YOU. HOW
WAS I SUPPOSE TO KNOW
YOU WERE A COOL GUY?

WAIT, ARE
YOU FOULING?
OH STOP THAT!

FINE.

I'M SORRY
I PLANNED TO
BLOW YOU UP...



IS THAT BETTER?

YES.

AND I THINK IT'S SOMETHING IN THE RODENT FAMILY... POSSUM, MAYBE

WHO CARES?

HERE'S TO THREE YEARS OF NO RACING...

AND TO THREE YEARS OF GOOD EATING.

THAT'LL BE \$752.37.

END

粥粉麵飯

這兩天我都在香港, 被人監視著。
是誰我還不知道, 不過我從背後感覺到
他的目光。他不會靠得太近或太遠。



I have spent the last two days in Hong Kong, being closely watched. By whom I know not. Yet I can feel their cold stares upon my back, never getting too close or too far.



我不認得這個臉孔。我們一直看著對方，每秒鐘都變得很漫長。我們互相打量對方，從他的姿勢可以看出他的實力。

你一直跟著我
想怎麼樣？

因為你是上氣。
聽說你是最強的，像
個活武器。我是來看
你有多強的。

I do not recognize the face. And as we stand facing each other, seconds grow heavy. Each of us assessing the other's strength. I learn much from his stance.

"You've been following me.
What do you want?"

"They say you are the best, Shang-Chi.
That you are a living weapon. I am
here to see how good you really are."



你會後悔的。

"That was a mistake."



你馬上就會看到我有多強。

"Because you're now going to find out."



格鬥的藝術是一種舞步。

The art of battle is a dance.



他展開, 我退縮。

When he expands. I contract.

他退縮,

我展開。

When he contracts...I expand.



我一看到破綻
就把握機會。

And when the opportunity presents itself-I seize it.



他的戰鬥技巧一流。他已經放棄
自尊，克服最大的難關——自己。



My enemy is well trained in the arts of combat.
He has surrendered to pride. Overcoming his greatest obstacle—himself.



這樣的人什麼都不怕。

For he who does that fears nothing.





我遇過無數的對手，但這次不一樣。他身子高大，身手靈活，具有像職業殺手般的殺氣。

可是我覺得他不是為報酬而來的。

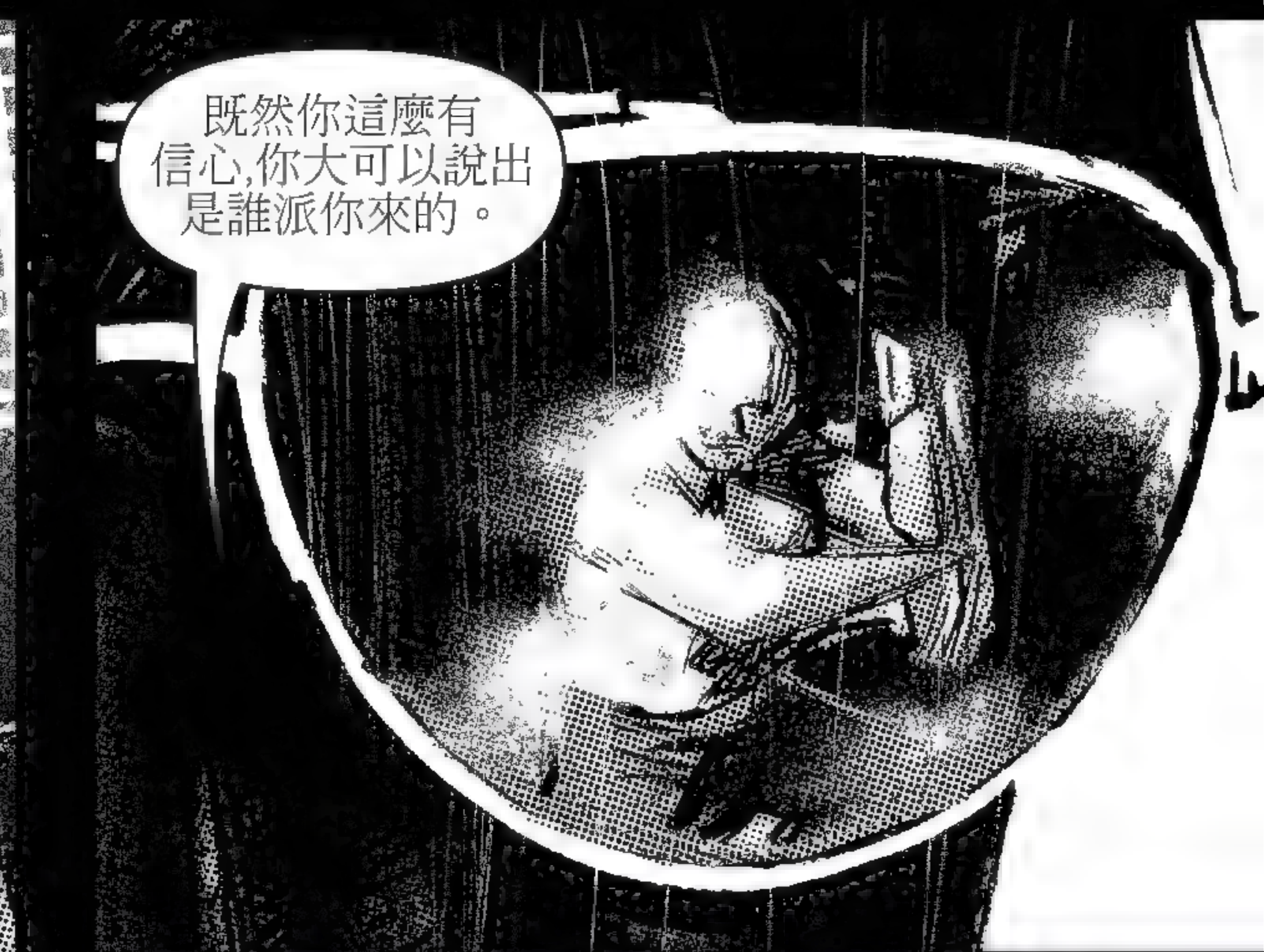
你是誰？

我叫李火，是將會結束你生命的人。

I have faced countless warriors over the years. But this one is special. He stands tall, limber, with the deadly demeanor of a professional assassin. Yet I sense he is here for reasons other than a bounty.

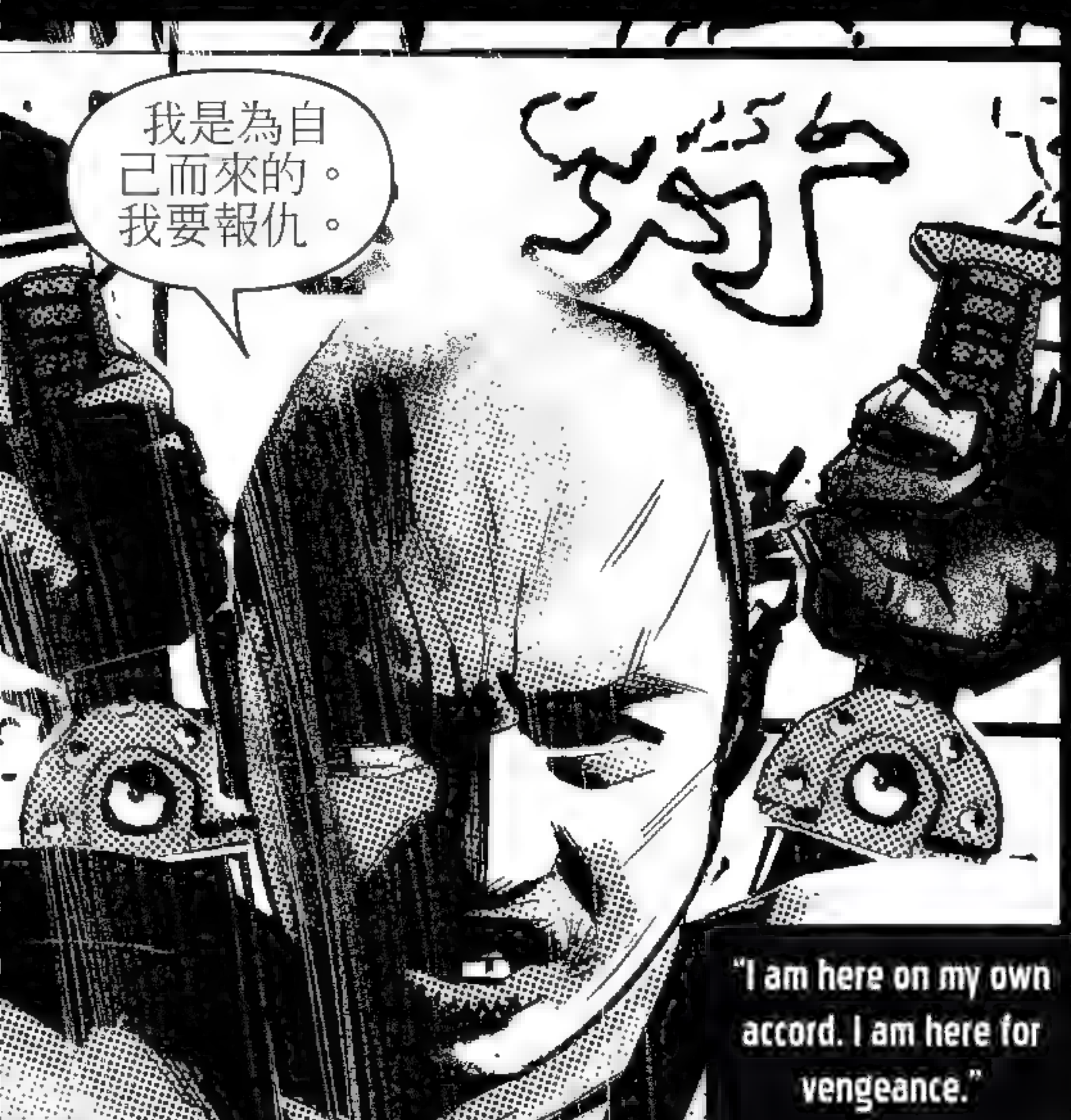
"What is your name?"

"My name is Huo Li. It is the name of the man who will end your life."



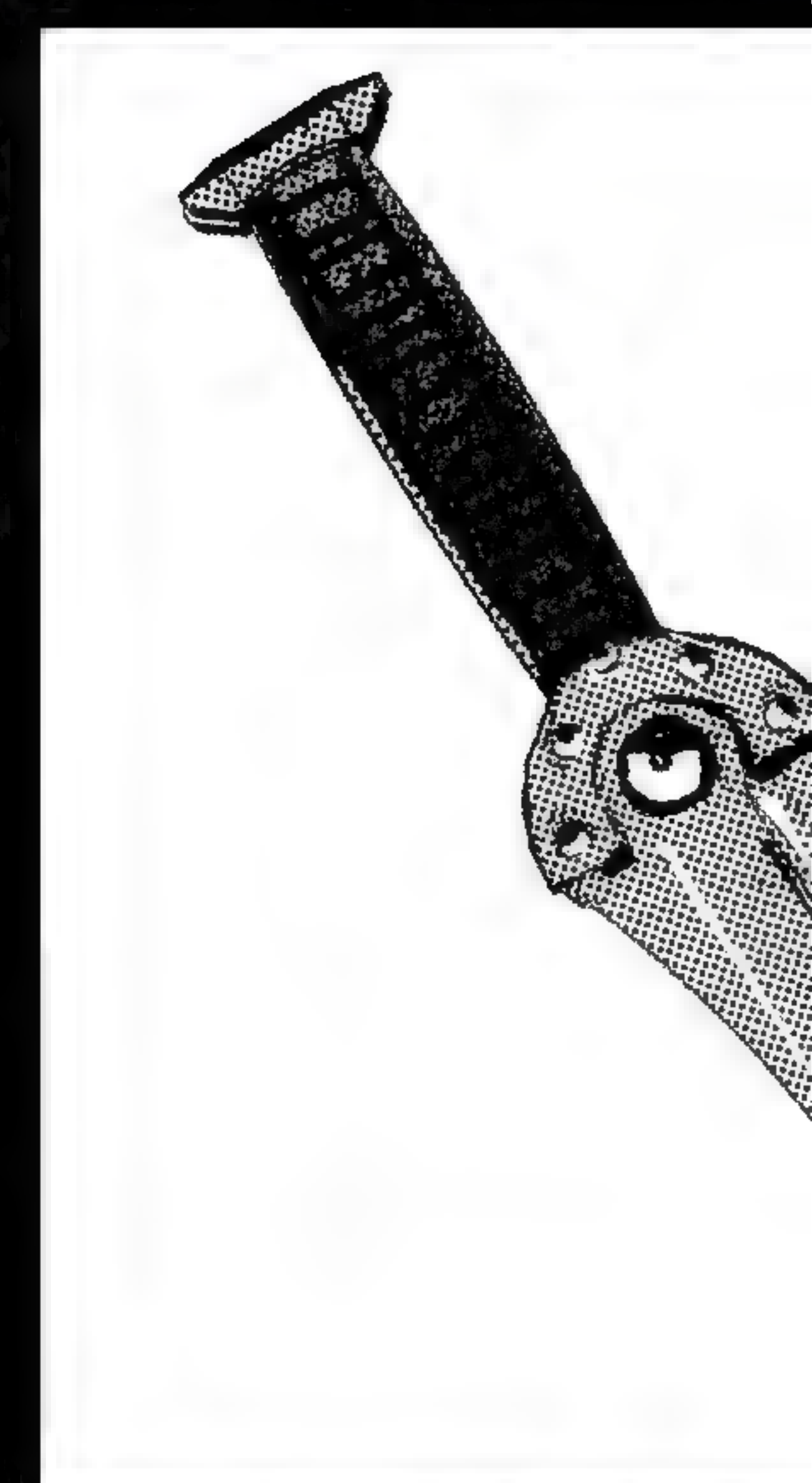
既然你這麼有信心，你大可以說出是誰派你來的。

"And since you are certain of my death Huo Li--surely you can say who sent you?"



我是為自己而來的。我要報仇。

"I am here on my own accord. I am here for vengeance."



你為誰報仇？

"Whose vengeance do you seek?"



你現在知道了。

"You will learn soon enough."

CLICK



CHAK!



他說得對,我現在明白了。
我很多年沒見過這武器了。
它曾經屬於一位自稱
“死亡交易者”的殺手。

他的原名是李昌霖,
是個叛國者。
他是一個叛組的MI-6特務。

He was correct. I understood. It had been years since I had seen that instrument of death. It belonged to a mercenary who called himself The Death Dealer.
His real name was Li Chang-Lin. He was a traitor to his country. A former MI6 operative who went rogue.



也是我父親的同盟。

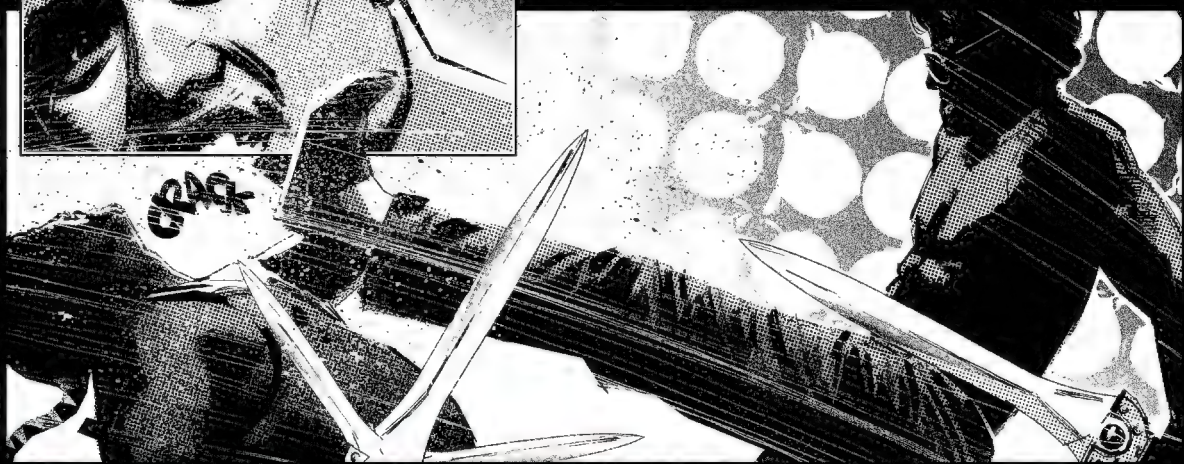
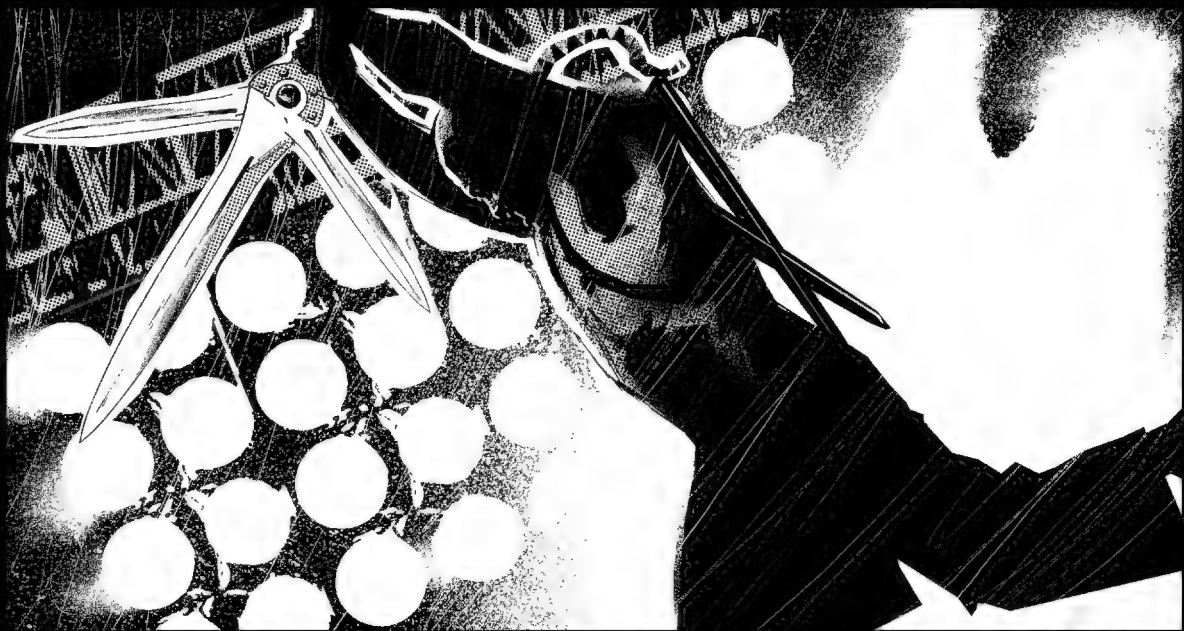
Li Chang-Lin was also an ally to
my father.



年輕的李火已經遠遠
超越他父親。

Young Huo Li was already
far more proficient than
his father ever was.





服從命令是
我的職責，
能替神聖無上之人
辦事是我的榮幸。

"It is my duty to obey--and my honor to grant the celestial one's request."



"AAAAHHHHHH!!"



I will never forget Li Chang-Lin's screams as the flames took him.



To this day I wonder: Could I have spared his life?



No.

但是我可以放過他兒子。

啊啊!

But I can spare his son's.

我明白你要報仇的心。你要知道這是一條不歸路，而死的不會是我。

"I understand your need for revenge.

Just know this is a road that ends in death. And it will not be mine."

繼續練好你的武功吧。

我會等你。

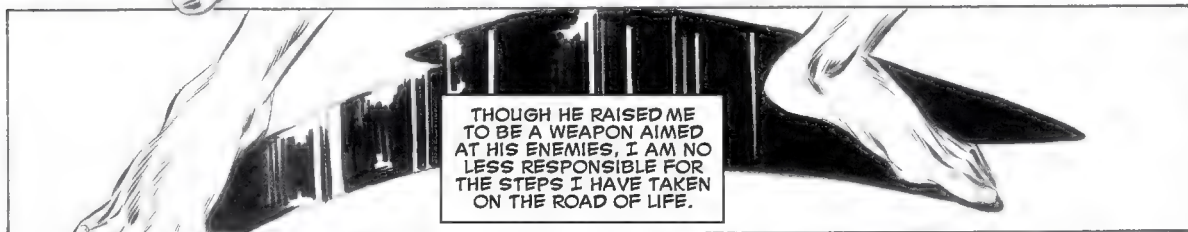
"Train harder.
I'll be waiting
for you."

完
THE END

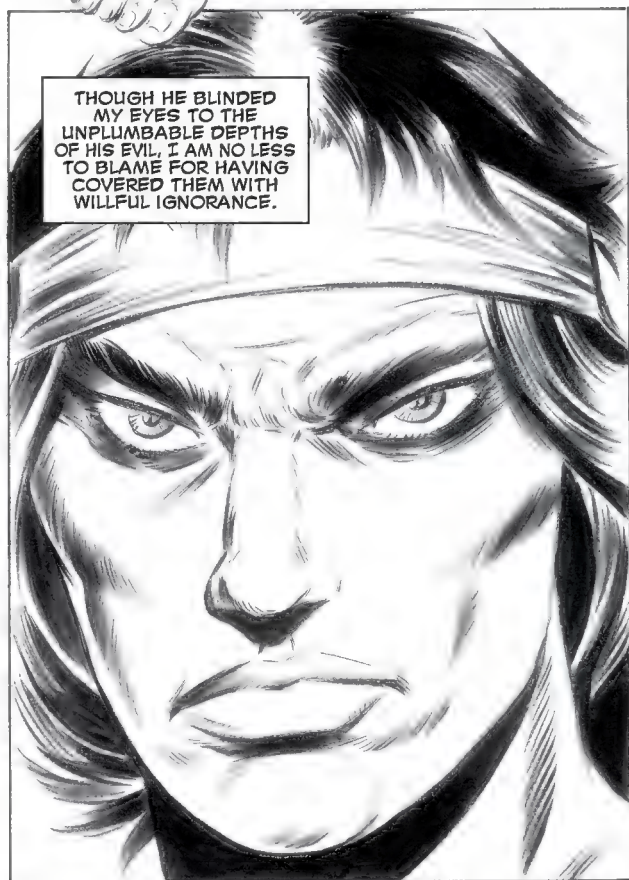


I AM MY
FATHER'S SON. THE
BLOOD ON MY HANDS
ATTESTS TO HIS
FOUL PARENTAGE.

FOR THOUGH HE
LED ME WITH HIS
LIES TO KILL, I AM
NO LESS GUILTY
OF THE CRIME.



THOUGH HE RAISED ME
TO BE A WEAPON AIMED
AT HIS ENEMIES, I AM NO
LESS RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE STEPS I HAVE TAKEN
ON THE ROAD OF LIFE.



THOUGH HE BLINDED
MY EYES TO THE
UNPLUMBABLE DEPTHS
OF HIS EVIL, I AM NO LESS
TO BLAME FOR HAVING
COVERED THEM WITH
WILLFUL IGNORANCE.



AND IF I AM,
IN ALL THESE
THINGS, MY
FATHER'S SON--

THEN
SURELY HE IS
AS WELL.

THOUGH THE
BLOOD IN OUR VEINS
IS UTTERLY DIFFERENT,
MY FATHER MOLDED US
AS BROTHERS.

M'NAI. BECOME
MIDNIGHT. AND NOW,
BECOME SOMETHING
ELSE AGAIN.

SOMETHING
RISEN FROM
THE DEAD!





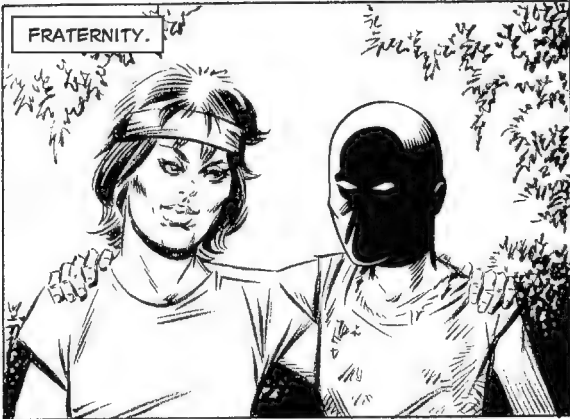
IN THE
SHOCK OF THE
MOMENT...



...SEEING
HIM AGAIN...



...I CANNOT
RESIST THE PULL
OF OUR PAST.



FRATERNITY.



ENMITY.



MORTALITY.



WHATEVER
STRANGE FATE
HAS LED TO THIS
ENCOUNTER, I WILL
NOT LET IT END
AS BEFORE.



AT LAST I
HAVE FOUND HIM.
MY EARLIEST AND
MOST POTENT
MEMORY.

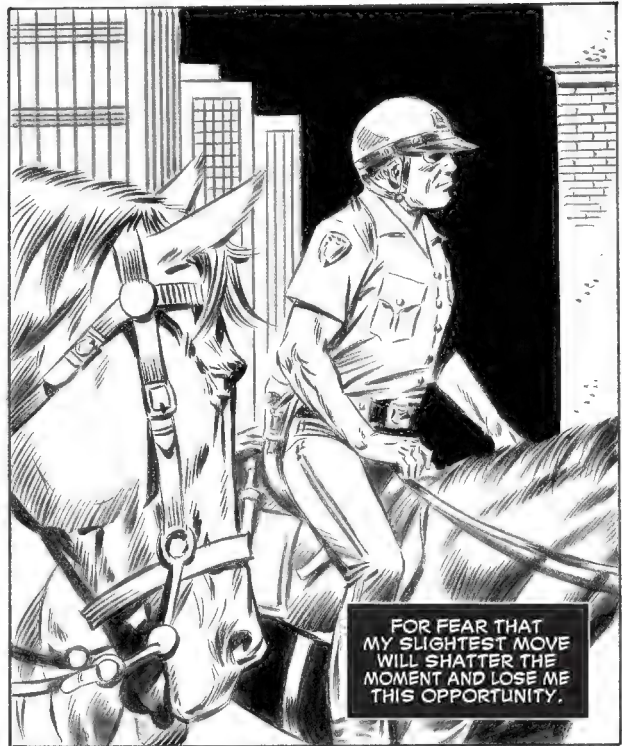
FROZEN IN
THE VACUUM OF
MY PAST, AS IF IN
DEEPEST SPACE.



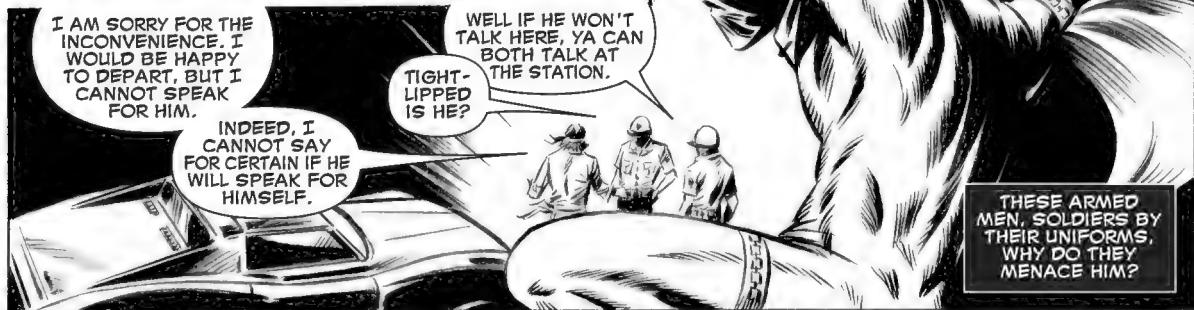
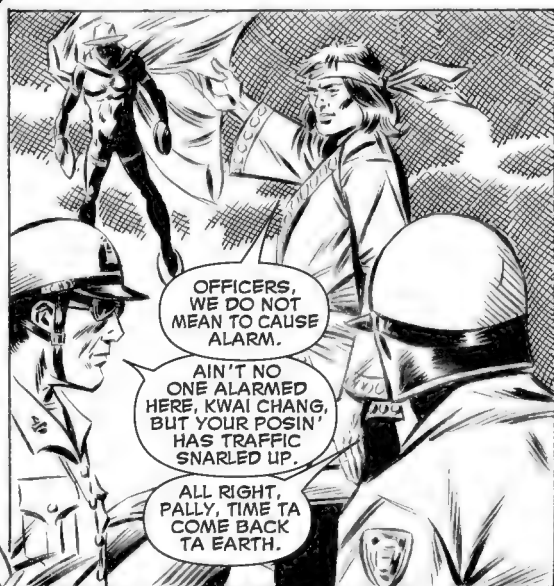
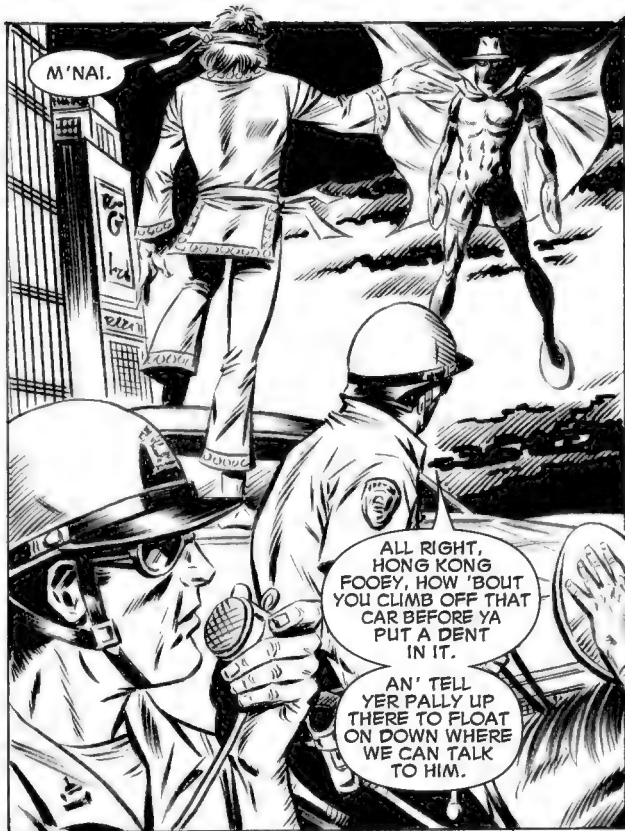
KREE SCIENCE,
THAT RESTORED LIFE
TO MY BODY AND STOLE
MY VOICE, HAS DENIED ME
MORE THAN A PITIFUL
FEW MEMORIES.

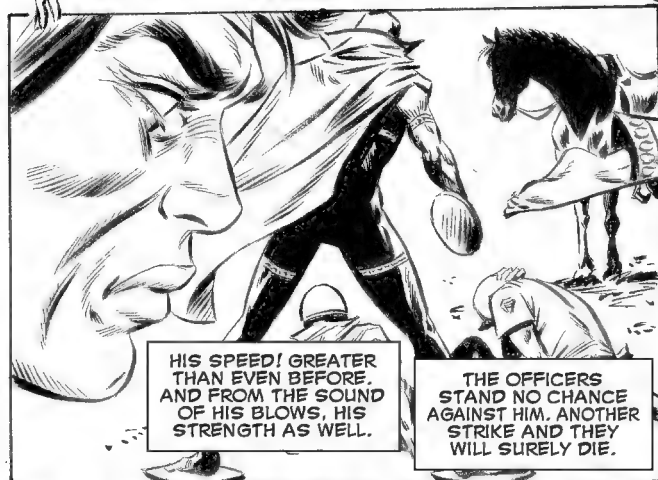


FACED NOW
WITH THE CHANCE TO
BREATHE LIFE INTO THIS
TABLEAU, I FIND I AM
FROZEN MYSELF.



FOR FEAR THAT
MY SLIGHTEST MOVE
WILL SHATTER THE
MOMENT AND LOSE ME
THIS OPPORTUNITY.





HIS SPEED! GREATER THAN EVEN BEFORE. AND FROM THE SOUND OF HIS BLOWS, HIS STRENGTH AS WELL.

THE OFFICERS STAND NO CHANCE AGAINST HIM. ANOTHER STRIKE AND THEY WILL SURELY DIE.



IT SEEMS, MIDNIGHT, THAT YOUR JOURNEY IN THE AFTERLIFE HAS NOT CHANGED YOU.



HE CALLS ME BY NAME!

THERE IS NOTHING TO BE PROVED BY OUR FIGHTING. I HAVE BESTED YOU ONCE ALREADY.

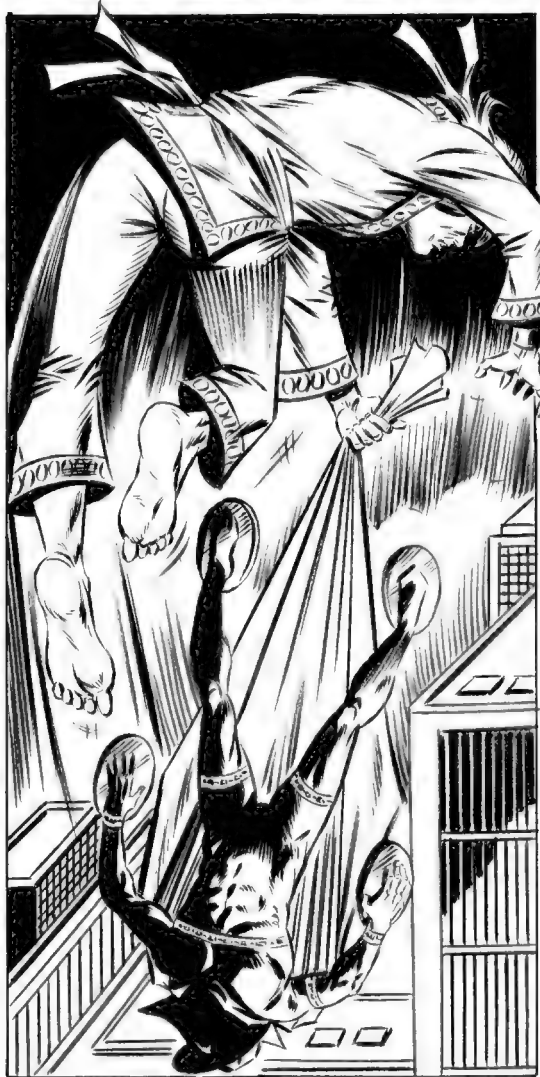


BESTED ME? WE HAVE FOUGHT. THEN MY MEMORY IS TRUE.

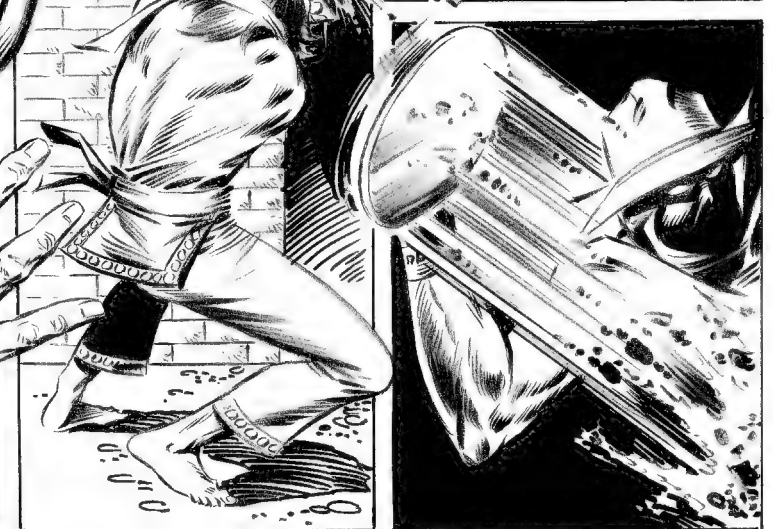
WE ARE ENEMIES!

LET US HAVE NO FURTHER STRUGGLES.











THE TAO OF THE WAR-
RIOR:
FROM NOVICE TO LO FU
ZAI

By Shang-Chi
(edited by Robin F  rth)

Thirty spokes converge at the hub,
But emptiness completes the wheel.

--*Tao Te Ching*
Lao Tzu

My father named me Shang-Chi, which means rising of the spirit. He hoped that one day I would become the world's greatest kung fu master, as well as its most accomplished assassin. In his private retreat in Hunan Province, he trained me in the ancient art of kung fu. His methods were rigorous and at times brutal, but I was an eager pupil. I believed my father was a great man—the savior of mankind—and I was proud to call him master. Even after I learned of his evil nature, I never rejected the art of kung fu. The Tao of the Warrior is sacred, and not even my father could corrupt it.

When I was a novice, I called my father master. He was my teacher, and I held him in great respect. For many hours at a time he would make me sit before the flickering flame of a candle. To learn to move, he said, you must first master stillness. I had to breathe in through my nose and out through my mouth. This, he said, was the only way to clear my mind and master ch'i. Ch'i, he told me, was the god within: it was breath, vitality, the root of my force. One drop of water might be powerless, but he who could harness the energy of the ocean . . . nothing could stop him! He was like the tsunami. But I was a boy and I grew restless with long sitting, and then I grew bored. When I began to nod off . . . THWACK! My master's bamboo stick came down upon my back!

To know your enemy you must first know yourself, and to know yourself you must gaze within. From those first struggles with meditation came my ability to control my breathing and my muscles, even the beating of my heart.

The Western fighter thinks he has a mind and a body. The Chinese fighter knows he is mindbody. Soon after my first lesson my father presented me with two buckets of sand. He instructed me to plunge my hands into the sand, over and over. The skin chafed and then bled. When I complained he told me to imagine the pain in my hands diffusing throughout my body. I shut my eyes and visualized the throbbing agony as a florescent red light. I imagined this light spreading up my arms, over my shoulders, down my torso, through my legs, and out through the bottoms of my feet. As the light spread, the color grew dimmer. The pain eased. Each day I plunged my hands into the sand until the skin hardened with calluses. Then my master introduced pebbles into the sand. Once again my hands bled and I had to imagine that red light spreading throughout my body, losing its intensity as it diffused. Finally, when I thought my hands could harden no more, my father had me plunge my fists into buckets of sharp stones. Within a month, I felt no pain and I did not bleed.

The ancient Kung Fu masters learned their methods of attack and defense from the animals. Nature is full of warriors. Once there was an old man who liked to sit and contemplate near a still pond. One day, while he was fanning himself, a crane that had waded into the pond was attacked by an ape. The old man feared for the beautiful crane since the ape was much larger and stronger, but the crane dodged and struck, evading its enemy's strong arms while thrusting with its beak and beating with its powerful wings. It drove off the ape. On the way home, the old man was attacked by two robbers, but by mimicking the movements of the crane, he defeated them both. Balancing on one leg, the crane warrior uses long range kicks, and his fists stab like a beak. The crane is tranquil but also swift and full of grace. Its essence is quiescent; its form is elegance.

To fight like an animal, you must understand how the animal thinks and breathes, not just how she moves. Since the human warrior is weaker than the beasts, he must make up for his lack of strength with his intelligence. Only by studying the animals can we learn the art of instantaneous attack.

When choosing a style, make certain it fits your spirit as well as your body. The monkey is agile, clever, and full of deceptions. His style of fighting is good at night, when his fast hand and foot movements are rendered invisible. The dragon is powerful and flowing. The dragon fighter gracefully swerves away from an attack, so that punches and kicks miss him. The leopard is known for her speed, and her emphasis is upon muscular strength.

Not all animals have physical strength, nor do they need it. During the Ming Dynasty, a follower of Shaolin known as Wang Lang was constantly being beaten by his classmates in combat. They were larger than he, and heavier, and so bested him. But one evening, while resting beneath a tree, Wang Lang witnessed a praying mantis fighting a cicada. Though the cicada was larger, the praying mantis used its long arms to defeat its enemy. For many days, Wang Lang studied the praying mantis's fighting style, and from this came Tanglangquan, or Praying Mantis Kung Fu.

To learn my art, I trained eight hours each day for many years. I used the mookjong (wooden man) to perfect my technique. Only by using the mookjong could I learn to judge the angles of my attack, and the correct distances. But the mookjong could not fight back. I could not afford to have flowery fists and embroidered kicks: I had to battle against living opponents, ones whose moves I could not predict. My father took me to the city's poorest, wildest slums to battle street fighters. Hum kah chan! He made me scream. Death to your families! Nine fighters attacked me in a narrow alley. I fought like the tiger, blocking with my arms, deflecting punches, giving side-kicks to the face, heart punches to the



chest. I emerged from the alley alive.

Do not confuse fa (technique) with gong (force). Fa refers to your methods of attack and defense. It is visible. Placing your leg behind your opponents leg and pushing him so that he falls, is a technique. Gong is invisible. It refers to your ability and efficiency, your accuracy, power, and speed. To harness force is also to harness ch'i, and to master the self. Like the young tree, the man who masters force survives strong winds and storms because he moves and sways with the elements. He does not fight against them, he becomes like them. When I was a novice, my master dropped a live scorpion onto my open palm. I knew that if she felt the energy in my skin, the trembling of my fear, she would sting me and I would die. I focused my breath so that I would not tremble. I lowered my heart rate so I would not sweat. She was so alert, I had to sway with the breeze and become like the sand of the desert.

The word Kung Fu will not be found in ancient texts. Instead one might find wuyi: wu meaning martial, and yi meaning art. In Mandarin and Cantonese, they say quanshu, art of the fists, or quanfa, technique of the fists. These words refer to unarmed combat, and the forms of hitting and kicking. There are many more names, both for the art of bare-fisted fighting and the arts of weaponry. But no matter what name you call it, the art of Kung Fu is ancient. It is as old as mankind itself.

Bare handed fighting is best, but if you

must use weapons, forge your own. The nunchaku is deadly when hurled toward your enemy. Using it will strengthen your arms. Do not practice with metal and chain at first, but wood and rope. Do not move on to harder materials until you have mastered the butterfly, and can dance with the weapon at speed. The ten-sided, short-handled club helps you develop pace and vigor. Practice with it while standing in flowing water. With your mind, evaporate the water and move as if in air.

A kung fu master is a disciple of the way of the tiger, the sign of the dragon. He follows a code of strict discipline which is spiritual as well as physical. He follows the Tao, and devotes his life to his practice. After my oral and practical exams, I had to face Tar Shui, the Test of the Tunnel. Only in this way could I become a true Master of Kung Fu. Though I knew that many did not survive this final test, I was ready to face the challenge.

When the day came for me to face Tar Shui, my master took me to a sacred Taoist mountain, and left me there at the entrance to the cave. I was allowed to wear only minimal clothing, and my feet were bare. Though torches illuminated the mouth of the cave, the air was cold as the breath of an open grave, and I knew that for many, a grave was what it would be. But I was determined to become a master.

First I had to walk across yards of shattered glass and burning coals. With the light step of the crane, I was able to pass. Next I had to slip beneath a heavy iron door spiked with large,

downward-pointing spearheads. But the door was supported only by a few bamboo poles, which were in turn held up by a maze of thin bamboo sticks. If I but brushed one stick in my passing, the door would have fallen on me and I would have died. With the smooth, precise movements of the snake, I slithered through.

Next I had to walk across a thin blade, the only bridge across an oil slick. Yet even as I focused the ch'i in my feet so that the blade would not cut them, a wild dog came gnashing at me. Its chain meant that it could only graze my heels, but the shock of it was meant to frighten me and to make me fall into the oil. I breathed in through my nose and out through my mouth. In my mind I held an image of the flame, and like the flame which always burns upright, I remained on my feet.

My last challenge was a huge boulder studded with spearheads. Harnessing my ch'i, I pressed my hands against the points. The boulder would not move. I pressed my back against the spikes and, summoning my ch'i, made the flesh hard and impenetrable. I focused my mind on an image of the shifting boulder. Soon I heard the first creaks of movement, and the boulder began to roll.

Finally, I smelled smoldering fire and the stink of hot iron. I knew what it meant. Blocking the cave's exit was a huge cauldron of red hot iron fillings. From each side stuck out metal tiger claws. Summoning my ch'i, I saw my arms trans-

form to blocks of ice. I lifted the cauldron which could have defeated ten men, caring nothing for the smell of my own roasting flesh. Staggering forward, I placed the smoldering cauldron at the feet of my father who waited outside the cave. I bowed and he smiled. I had become Lo Fu Zai, Master of Kung Fu.

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Shadowcat

